SOUTHERN PLANTATION. 1 Babyhood That In Intrusted to Sature and to His Own Devices—His Ambition, In-dustry, and Desires—Lore of the Fields, Waters, Woods, and Air of the Negro Boy. Did you ever see a little pickaning harnessng tolerantly as though he understood the

only twice his height, and standing tiptoe a stump or box so as to get the bridle over e animal's ears, the mule meanwhile submittuation! And did you ever, at sunset on a inter's afternoon, come across a mite of era) Segging away for dear life at an old field ne, trying to fell it for firewood, the blows salt by the childish strength making only the intest impression on the flinty lightwood ! "How long have you been cutting on that

ee, Eben I" von ask. "This make t'ree ebenin's steady," is the

'And when do you expect to get it down ?" "I dun know. It a big tree, but when it is down, it'll gie us light'ard a long time."

Another time you will see four or five little bits, each crowned with a leaky piggin of water, rudging up from the spring with a will, their athusiasm not the least dampened by the over low that trickles down their chubby faces. These will be boys and girls together, none of whom has been walking very long in the world, ut they want to "do things" like the big seople, and the fact that the only vessels they can get hold of are untrustworthy deters them

"Now, isn't that too cunning for anything !" some one says as the little procession goes by; out these plantation sprites are more than cun-Many of them are quick mentally as well is physically, and they are the pluckiest, most neglected, most ambitious little creatures in the world, essaying tasks far beyond their strength d surviving odds that would kill the offspring of a race less hardy, yet keeping their childish suberance through it all. The street urchin's precoclousness gives his face and figure an old. ard, world-worn look, as though he were a nan before his time. The pickaning, although e gets his growth early and tackles responsi dities at a very tender age, looks younger at 13 han the street urchin looks at 3. The picka dnny never loses that unmistakable lustre of sefulness, no matter what his trials, unless, in seed, he be cold; that is one condition that will pake him gray and neutral and numb his inter at in life, at least for the time being.

"I's been keepin' sickly all de year," a cabin tousewife will tell you. "I ain't able to do outhin' much outdoors, 'scusin' a little choppin' sow and den."

"Who attends to your farm ?" she is asked. "Dem chillun. Dey's a sight ob help, since my ole man dead. 'Morika dere, does pretty sear all de ploughin'. All dis spring and sum der he neber come out de field a single ebenin till long arter everybody else was take out and sed, and dere nebber was a sprig of grass een ay cotton patch. He's a peart-hearted boy. De wner neber would rent me this land if it wasn't or 'Merika."

Then you look at 'Merika, and he is so small and childish looking, and his wrists are so sien-er, you wonder tow he can be anybody's "main dence." Inquiring as to his age, you are old that "they ain't keep no count, only Mass eba Whitefield's second gal and 'Merika is oneyear chillun," with the "second gal" a few months in the lead.

There is no baby hamper got ready against the sickaninny's coming into the world, and no arefully planned outfit of garments, folded mooth and in order for his convenience. This s ag inst the plantation creed.

'It bad luck to count on de Lord's doin's dat ur fashion, same like you done know, ready, now tings gwine turn out," says black Dinah. 'Jist let a 'oman go to makin' up clothes and me ting nudder, and she gwine to trip up cerain sure. De white people always does do it ! Yes. But dey is different to we people, and dere children is different. I got a check pattern in is house now, what ain't had scissors in it yet, and I's got stuff for body clo hes, too, but I aint laresn't to touch ary piece of it, not so much as o cut out a slip."

This being the sentiment, the new con imbs are swathed in whatever comes first to and, and he is bundled up in odds and ends of he family wardrobe until he gets strong enough to kick bimself out of them, and have done with wraps and bandages once for all. After that stage he wears a single short garment not mlike a bag, open at the bottom and having a bole in the top through which he can run his head. He takes his chances, much like the calves and the colts and other young things, only he is at a disadvantage inasmuch as they can trot about within an hour or two of their advent while he must wait at least ten months, before he becomes an individual.

At an abnormally early age he cr on venturesome voyages across the cabin floor. getting his fingers fastened in the cracks be tween the boards, shoving all objects small enough into his mouth and testing those too large with his tongue. When he has crept up to the unguarded fire three or four times in successi n, and tumbled out of the open door oftener than is thought good for him, he is whipped up and planked down in a box, above the high sides of which only his kinky head shows, there to repent his daring.

For days and days before he can creep he lies on a pile of bags or just on the ground at the end of the cotton row, staring up at the sky. watching the winged things that skim about overhead, hearing the voices of the men and women at work in the field about him. It is thought rank lunacy to permit a normal infant

overhead, hearing the voices of the men and women at work in the field about him. It is thought rank lunacy to permit a normal infant to take the air without veil and parasol to screen the young cyes and the tender young lungs. Not so with the pickaninny. He can take all the air he wants lying there in the open field, with the wind blowing as it listeth. His mother comes to him occasionally, turns him over, finds for him the improvised toy that has slipped away from him and perhaps gives him nourishment; but the greater part of the time he is left to himself, and whether he laughs or whether he cries it is all one; nobody has time to bother with him.

A certain youngster one day did credit to herself under these circumstances. There were ten or eleven hands picking cotton in the field, and every now and then in the course of their work they would come to an outspread sheet near where the baby was and dump the contents of their cotton bags on the main pile. The pickaninny, who had only been creeping a short while and had not begun to walk or talk, grow tired of the tin bucket cover she was playing with and threw it away in a pet, crying with vexation, Suddenly she stopped crying, crept to a cotton stalk near by, on which was a half-opened boil, succeeded in pulling the tuft of white from the boil, and, creeping over to the heaposd—1 sheet, deposited her contribution. Then she icil asleep. Some larger children who saw the performance told about the youngest cotton picker of the clan.

The pickaninny's mother believes that he can't thrive on milk alone, so he gets cabbage and bacon, roast potatoes, cow peas, fruit, green or ripe, anything, just as it happens, those concerned having firm faith that nature will pull him through. He contes near being stepped on by horse, being hooked by cattle, polsoned by the miscellancous articles and fluids he puts into his mouth, and owners and sitter has been of Herest and the summer. Because in the summer, breakfasting, dining and supping wherever he can get provisions.

The pi

climes, whether the maie bird and the female of a certain species have the same note or cry; what kind of next they have, and whether they build them near to the ground or high aloft, in dense thicket or some open place. He does not know the names that ornithelogists have given these birds, but he is familiar with their habits and calls them by names indicative of certain traits or peculiarlities which he or his fathers before him have noticed.

"What kind of bird is that?" you ask of a small boy, as a feathered body flies up suddenly from the hedgerow he is watching.

"Data shiritail. See the white in he wing ?" he answers, but you don't see the white in the least. It takes sharp, trained eyes like his to notice it, and he goes on up the road, the peck of meal on his head, keeping it well balanced, and his seenes on the alert for everything that moves in the sky and sand and woods.

"See dat trasher sittli dere wattin' for he waitin' man to line be next for him!" a small naturalist was heard to remark.

"The thrasher's waiting man! Is there such a bird!" you ask.

"Yes ma'm. He look some like do t'rasher;

naturalist was heard to remark.

"The thrasher's waiting man! Is there such a bird!" you ask.

"Yes, ma'm. He look some like do t'rasher; all 'tis, he more plain lookin'. De 'rasher make him wait on him, for true, and you never see one widout de other. De 'trasher obersee de job, all what dey does do, but de waitin' man got to do de fl'ing 'bout, and fetchin' of stick and siraw and tings for mek he house.

Again you hear them discussing the jays.

"Bluejay done gifted and give over to the debbil," they declare. "Dat mek dey nebber mix wid no udder kind ob bird and always squabblin' and outtin' up. I see two oatbird hab dere nest part build; all de scantlin' done iald, and when some bluejay begin to start a n'st in de same oak the catbird carry off dere fings to another tree. Dey done know dat de jay is thick wid de old boy, and does visit wid him every Friday de Lord sends."

Every bush and shrub of the countless kinds in the Southern woods has its individual meaning for the negro, and the children learn the names and uses of the different species almost before the white child has learned the alphabet. They know when these trees and bushes put out, whether they have tassels or buds before the leaves, and which kind is particularly good for usedical purposes, firewood, wagon spokes, tongues, house shingles, mallets, or what not. The pickaninny will speculate iong on the half-blotted-out track of a woods anima in the soft sand of the roadbed, and he will bring his companions to sit in judgment and give opinion as to whether the foot that made that track belonged to a fox or a mink or other creature. These little woods en are not without imagination, either, and rumors of bear

in the soft sand of the roadbed, and he will bring his companions to sit in judgment and give opinion as to whether the foot that made that track belonged to a fox or a mink or other creature. These little woods en are not without imagination, either, and rumors of boars long since extinct crop up every now and again as the result of somebody's seeing a track that looked strange to him and that could not be fitted to any known beast's foot.

In the inhabitants of the lagoons and ponds the pickaninny takes unqualified interest. He knows where the fish hide, what kind of homes they have, the kind of balt most seductive to certain species, and at what season they are most likely to be hooked and landed. As for the haunts of balt, from the sawyers, working under the bark of the pine, to the worms in the loam of the swamp, and the minnows, none has secrets from him. The water fowl also he knows well, ferrotting out their secret haunts, and the suspicion that an otter may be trapped keeps him wide-eyed in the night time when sober heads are sleeping. It is safe to say that no one of his prowls and investigations may we forward without danger of snakes, but he never hesitates to give battle. The pickaninny keeps count of the snakes he has killed, much as an Indian brave reckons the number of scalps he has taken, and the boy who has killed the largest number of snakes, and one lize of valer, earth, or air does the pickaninny take such an interest as in the buzzard. Whether because of the weird associations connected with the bird, or the known inaccessibility of its nesting place, it is always a fruitful source of argument and speculation.

"Have you ever seen a buzzard's nest?" Sambe is saked.

There is an affirmative nod.

"Have you even bois saked.

There is an affirmative nod.

"Buzzard does use de same nes' every year, and one day when us was huntin' de horse, us come on de very place."

"Do they have their nests high up, like hawks?"

"No, ma'am. Buzzard salls high, but dey lives low. Dis nea us seen been cen a hollow log in de swamp, so tangle up wid bullus vine, and crooked tupelar, and bush, twist een and out, dat we never was find it but for ole Sally trapesin' off down een there, huntin' green cane to nibble, and a buntin' for her."

"Yes. Dey look sume like goalins, all sort of furry and yellow like. Dey does turn black when dey gita more ole. Only two egg in de nes, exackly like a turkey egg, sousin' dey's more bigger and de spots is yellower. We been back dere tree timen arter we see de erges in de nes, waitin' for dem to batch, and nigh as we could make out dey was six weeks hatchin. We always wait round till de hen buzzard was fly way to stretch her wings when we was lookin' in de hole, but once she come back, and de he bird comes long wid her. We had git way quick, 'cause buzzard liable to pick your eye out if dey gits mad, and beat you ober de head wid dere wings till you done git 'nough of it."

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS. How Three White Mon Whipped All the Segroe

CHARLESTON, Nov. 12 .- "In the days of slavery," said an old soldier, "the worst trouble we used to have was in keeping the negroes at home. You know in those days a negro was not allowed to leave his master's plantation without a written pass. When this rule was vio-lated the offender was liable to the most severe punishment. This punishment was administered with a long whip on the slave's bare back. Fifty lashes was the regulation punishment for slave's running away. "There is one incident that I will never for-

get. I was living near Pendleton in this State. and the slaves around there were thick. Near the village was Samuel Maverick's large planfather of the Mayor-elect of New York. Late one afternoon I heard that about 100 negroes had congregated near Mr. Maverick's, in a dense wood, to hold some kind of indignation meeting. Gatherings of the kind in those days were not frequent, from the fact that the slaves had some idea of the punishment that would accrue when they were discovered. In the wood of which I speak was a small one-room cabin. The rumor was that the negroes were to meet at the cabin.

"My purpose was to get two men to join me. surround the cabin, and whip the slaves. Two friends willingly went with me, and we arrived near the edge of the wood about dark. Our horses were fastened in a clump of bushes, and we crept toward the cabin. All the negroes

we crept toward the cabin. All the negroes were in the house. They never took the precaution to place a guard on duty, because they did not believe they could ever be found. We casily surrounded the house. One man was sent to watch the lone window, while the other and I went to the door.

"The negroes were baving a high old time. They were discussing a recent whipping, when one of their friends receive a terrible flogging from a hard taskmaster for a very light offence. Just as the indignation proceeding was at its highest I shoved open the door and slipped in. My friend followed to prevent any of the men escaping. Our presence had the effect of stampeding the entire bunch of blacks. An angel could not have surprised them more. One big buck danced up to me, but I gave him a swing with a heavy stick and he fell to the floor paralyzed. No other attempt was made to raise trouble.

"I told the crowd that I had to whip every

with a heavy stick and he fell to the floor paralyzed. No other attempt was made to raise trouble.

"I toid the crowd that I had to whip every man. It caused a storm, but the men had to submit. While my friend stood at the door with a pistol I took the slaves out one at a time and gave each fifty lashes on the bare hack. The woods echoed with the cries of pain, though it made little difference. I was tired out with my part, and after a spell turned the lash over to the man at the door to act as executioner. Finally the last man was pulled from the cabin, and when he was whipped we started home. The negroes fled as fast as they got their panishment, collecting in groups later to march home. We could still hear their cries as they stung under the effects of the leather. The whipping had its good result, however, and that was the last indignation meeting in that part of the country.

"Only one man escaped the whipping, as I thought. He was the old fellow, Jack Burt, who used to play the fiddle at the dances and for that reason I did not want to hurt him. On making an investigation I found that he had brought his violin along and had it carefully hidden near the cabin. I ordered him to get it and play while I whipped. This he at first refused to do, but I told him 300 lashes would result if he refused. Of course Jack had to play. He drew his how through a chunk of rosin and made his violin hum while the voices of the crying darkies kept time weirdly. Every man who was whipped cursed the fiddler, though the fiddler patted his foot on the grass and seemed deaf to the gromas. It was about the most peculiar combination that a man ever saw, but it piensed Jack and my two friends.

"Twenty years later I was driving along the road sear home one day when I was overtaken by a negro on a mule. He called me by hame, and asked if I remembered him. I told him that I could not place his dusky face. I did not say anything about the song you hear now about all couls not heavy ham the claim up de chimley. And any thing about the so

Fire Little Pigs Sold for \$1,150.

FAIRPIELD, Ia., Nov. 13.-That the prices of ive stock are rapidly increasing in Iowa is shown by the records of some Poland China pig sales recently. E. M. Metzrar sold one pig to S. E. Shellenberger of Camden. O., for \$683. A litter of five pigs born in February last brought \$1,150. In all forty-one pigs were sold, netting \$3,900.

mosphere of illicit distilleries and family feuds, was not less tough than his father. Although only 19 years old, he boasted of having killed several men.

"I will make you acquainted with paw," said the youth one evening, as the party rode toward his home. "Paw will take keer of us and the horses to-night. But paw's a mighty cu'rus man. He's all right, though. But you maunt 'apute anythink he says, nor refuse to take a drink with him, or he'll shoot, sure.

The uneasy feeling, not unnaturally produced by the youth's description of his father, was soon dispelled when the party had been made acquainted with the old fellow. He was busy at a suspicious looking building by a spring in the forest at the rear of his dwelling. As he cordially invited the party to accept the hospitality of his home for the night, he added:

"I'm powerful glad to see you uns. Bill tells no you are all right. If you wasn't, nobody could tell what might happen."

A knowing wink, intimating that at least he was aware of something that might happen, accompanied the last sentence. As the party entered the house, a long, two story log building, the first thing that greeted their eyes was a stack of rifics standing erect in the centre of the hallway. The old man requested all to seat themselves on a bench near these implements of mountain warfare. Then going to a barrel in one corner of the hallway he drewsome corn whiskey, which he urged all to drink. To this invitation the party were constrained to respond, since Bill's warning was still fresh in their minds and the crop or rifics was large.

"Drink hearty," said the old fellow. "It won't their minds and the crop or rifics was large.

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"Drink hearty," said the old fellow. "It won't their minds and the crop or rifics was large.

"The party evidently had the full extent of the told man's confinence.

"Toom so

gered."
"Yes, yes, Mr. Raines, of course we know all about the topomus. Some people call it the hippopostamus, you know."
"Hiptopmus be damned. It's a topomus, and no hip about him!"
This elicited a description of the hippopotamus, its manners, customs, and haunts

mus, its manners, customs, and haunts
"Now tell me something about the saurus
them show folks has on their pictures—that his them show folks has on their pictures—that big old chap with the horn on his nose."
A description of the rhinoceros followed, no attempt being made to distinguish that animal from a "saurus."
After a splendid supper the guests were t ken

After a spinedul supper the guests were t ken up to their room, a long, low apartment stretching the length of the small house, and having beds in it. It looked like a hospital ward.

After seeing each in a separate bed, young Raines went away, but only to return in a few minutes with an armful of rifies from downstairs. He placed one of the woapons at the head of each bed.

He placed one of the woapons at the head of each bed.

He placed by way of apology. "We might need these guns before a orning. I allers takes mine right in the bed with me." This he did—at least upon the night in question.

More genuine hospitality, more rough-and-ready kindness, was never extended by a human being to his fellows than that for which the party were indebted to this murderous old moonshiner, the chief of one of the worst grangs in the Cumberland Mountains. And for it all he would not allow anybody to thank him. Had anybody offered to pay him, his son said, he would have been mortally offended. This is, however, only one proof of the fact that there are no kinder people on earth than the moonshiners of the Cumberland region, provided it can be proved that you are not a revenue officer; provided also that you will not throw doubt on any attacuent they may make; provided further that you will not refuse to drink of their bone brew. Among moonshiners his drink is as much a pledge of sincerity as is the tasting of bread and salt among Arabs. Many were the moonshiners densy visied on the trip in question, and the provided further that you will not refuse to drink of their bone brew. Among moonshiners his drink is as much a pledge of sincerity as is the tasting of bread and salt among Arabs. Many were the moonshiners densy visied on the trip in question of the salt and the proper seed of the salt of the provided further that you will not refuse to drink of their bone brew. Among moonshiners his drink is as much a pledge of sincerity as is the tasting of bread and salt among Arabs. Amy were the notion of the salt of the provided furt

NO LILY WHITE POLICY M'RINDER'S PAIR TREATMENT OF HIS NEGRO SUPPORTERS.

AMONG THE MOONSHINERS.

ROUND THE DEPERATE EXPERITY

Cumberland Cap's Bad Mee Ret What They were the Years Asse. Though it is Not Been to Years Asse. Though it is not been the to the the to the

SONGS OF THE OLD SLAVE DAYS. Vandalism of Modern Negroes in Dealing with

From the Courier-Journal. The old-time plantation songs of the slavery days have about passed away, and the negroes now cut the original melodies into scrappy discords and minor notes. A negro had rather strike a minor note than to rub the waisthand of his pants against a well-filled table and est. It seems that the peculiar tone holds a fascination for him which cannot be overcome. There is al ways something to interest you when you can hear a genuine old-time plantation song as sung by the aged slave negroes, when heart and soul are united in the song. It is natural for a negro to sing, he possesses a naturally clear voice, and

to sing, he possesses a naturally clear voice, and sings with his hands, feet, and head. His music is generally of the lively order, as his nature has always been, and no trouble can rob him of his happy disposition.

I have spent many a pleasant hour listening to the quaint songs of an old gray-headed negro on my grandfather's farm, as he would rasp the screeching chords in accompaniment on his banjo. When he would sing he would get a humming start with the chords, and begin with a long drawn out note, rear way back, pat his feet, and shake his old gray head. He enjoyed singing and I enjoyed listening. I would take him little pieces of colored, paper and all the colored glass I could find to get him to sing for me, and to repeat the far-famed verse of alliteration. Did you ever see a possum in a pawpaw patch, a pickin' up pawpaws and a puttin' em in his pocket to make a pawpaw pie for his napa! This is the joy of his life, and it never grew old or tiresome to him to repeat it.

Mose was his name, and not long since I concluded to pay him a visit and to hear again the songs I had so enjo ed when a child. I found his cabin and he was at home, being unable to get about much. I shook hands with the honest old negro and sat down. 'the light which came into his face showed how welcome I was, and we had

negro and sat down. 'The light which came int his face showed how welcome I was, and we ha a long talk.

Finally I asked him to take the dusty banje
from the wall and give me a few strains of
"Nigger Foot in Ashes" at a lively elle. H
did as I asked, and the old-time vigor came upon on as I asked and the old-time vigor came upon him sgain. After playing a while I asked him to sing me the corn-shucking song the "niggers" used to sing while they danced the "rabbit dance," after the corn was all husked and the "white folks" had gone to bed. He was in fine spirits, and with his head way back on his chair

pirits, and with his head way back on I ind his feet extended to keep time o ando, he sang: Early one morning on my massa's farm, Cu' dat pigeon wing, Lizy Jane; I heard dem chickens activin de alarm, Shake yo' feet, M'ss Lizy Jane.

Shake y' feet, niggers, it'll soon be day,
Shoot along lively, Miss Liry Jane;
Massa ketch us danch' there'll be — to pay,
We got to dig 'taters and hoe dat corn,
Hit dat duble-shuffle, Lizy Jane;
You'd b-tter be a humidn', out tsoon be morn,
Shake dat balmoral, Liry Jane.

You'd b-tter be a-humin', 'coz it soon be morn, shake dat balmoral. Liry Jane.

After Mose finished singing this song an eight-inch grin played across his face from ear to car, his eyes sparkled, and the old negro was happy again as if the young folks had gone through their dancing while he sang. He said: "Massa Will, de best days ob de old nigger's life am done gone, but when I think ob de good old times we had befo de wah, dese bones ob mine gets young, and I want to git right up and hit de lig step agen like I use to do." Then he told how he was considered the best dancer in his section, and that there wasn't a buck anywhere around who could hold him a light.

I told him I was something of a dancer myself, and that if he would cut down lively on the old "barn-yard cackle." I would show him a few steps in jig-dancing. This tickled the wrinkled-faced coon, and he sang and played in earnest:

arnest: Rooster in de chicken coop crowin' fo' day, Horses in de stable go nay, nay, nay; Ducks in de yard go quack, quack, quack, quack, And de goose goes lilley i-fee.

Dicks in de yard go quack, quack, quack, And de goose goes filey-1-fec.

Pigs in de pen keep a-squraiin' fo' slop, liig dogs barkin' like dey never will stop; Gulneas in de tree go pot-rack, pot-rack, And de goose goes filey-1-fec.

I stopped him because I was out of breath, and he lay back in his chair and laughed till his sides were aching. I pulled out a rabbit's foot and tossed it to him, and the effect was magical. He jumped "three feet on a rise and six feet on the stretch," and gave a whoop which was equal to a Comanche chief's. After his fright was over he told me, whatever I did, not to put any more of those hoodoos on him. I did not intend to frighten him, but wished to see if the superstition he had possessed in his young days had departed from him. I gave him a shining dollar for scaring him so, and he was himself again. We had a fine time in the few hours I had stayed with him, and I asked him to pick up his banjo again and play and sing the tune he used to call "Mr. Kimble." His bony fingers raked across the strings again and he sang the quaint song I had enjoyed often when a child:

You caln't guess what we had fo supper.

You cain't guess what we had fo' supper, Cum a rop-strop-bottle Mr. Kimble: Black-eyed peas and bread and butter, Cum a rop-strop-bottle Mr. Kimble. Beefsteak, ham and mutton chop, Cum a rop strop bottle Mr. Kimble; Make a nigg r's lips go flippity-flop. Cum a rep strop bottle Mr. Kimble." And after each verse sang the chorus:

keemo, Kiwo, Kilro, Kayro, Flerroo, Filro, Flavoravi Rop-strop periwinke, little valler booger, Cum a rop-strop bottle Mr. Kimble, Cum a rop-strop lottle Mr. Eimble.

Though sige had left its telling mark on the person of Mose, his rich voice was as clear as a beil, and the ministrei of to-day cannot equal it for genuine melody. I was not anxious to leave him, but the day was far spent, and I had several miles to go, so I bade him good-by and left the faithful old servant with tears streaming down his husky face. He had his rough hands on my head and blessed me, saying: "Massa Will, I'll soon be ober dere in de land ob Canyan, but I'll remember dis visit to my dying day."

Died at the Age of 118.

Prom the Indianapolis Journal.

MUNCIE, Ind., Nov. 8.—James Lynch, who would have been 119 years old in December, according to affidavits in his possession, died last night at the county infirmary. A month ago the old man climbed out of bed for the first time in five years and attempted to walk to the dining room unattended. He made but three steps and foll, breaking one of his arms. The hone refused to knit and resulted in death. The hold man has resided in this vicinity for thrity years and fass always followed he vocation of a ditcher. He came to America from Ireland, where all his relatives, except his wife, live. She is at the infirmary and is 97 years old.

mite the Clamer of Southern Democr

and Northern Mugwumps All the Elements of the Party Strength Are Being Considered A fair conclusion, after the adjournment of the St. Louis Convention, was that the Afro American Republicans would receive less consideration under President McKinley than un der any of his predecessors. The conclusion was based upon the course of the Republican politicians of the Southern States, from the opening of the campaign in October, 1896, for delegates to the St. Louis Convention, to its close in May, 1897, as well as upon the inconspicuous part the Southern Afro-American delegates took in the St. Louis Convention. It was emphasized after the inauguration of President McKinley by the policy he pursued in making Southern appointments up to August of the present year. Washington has been overrun with Afro-

American applicants for all sorts of places under the Government, but only one of their number had received a Presidential appointment. The Southern white leaders, beginning with James A. Gary of Maryland, who was made Postmaster-General, were taken in out of the rain one by one, so that the South's quota of diplomatic and consular places and places at Washington breame so large as to have the appearance of being full. When the writer passed through Washington in August the Afro-American politicians without ex ception were so despondent that it was impossible to coax a smile out of one of them. In private conversation they expressed the utmost fear that the President and Chairman Hanna had decided to give them nothing, that the fair promises that had attached them to the fortunes of the Canton man when he needed all the friends he could get and bad sustained them

of the Canton man when he needed all the friends he could get and had sustained them against the blandlahments of all comers were empty. It was a very dark time for these men who had helped the party win the victory, and it was made all the darker by some alleged ulterances of two Cabinet members as to the wisdom of appointing Afro-Americans to certain places in the domestic and foreign service.

When the condition of affairs had become so painful that the victims were writhing and grouning all over the national capital and mutterings of discontent bega- to appear in a hundred Afro-American newspapers in every section of the country President McKinley began to apply the only soothing potion that could banish pain and disappointment. The Afro-Americans were not to be ignored and crowded to the wall because they were black Republicans, and they were happy. And how very little it takes to make an Afro-American happy! Just so that he is "recognized" and the thing is done. When he did begin to make Afro-American appointments President McKinley made up for lost time. A list of these is as follows:

Henry P. Cheatham of North Carolina, Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia; Nathan F. Voiar, Postimaster at Brinton, Pa.; William F. Powell of New Jersey, Minister Resident and Consul-General in Hayti; Mrs. V. E. Bahn, Postimaster at Madison ville, La.; Mahlon Van Horn of Rhode Island, Consul at St. Thomas, D. W. L.; M. P. Moton, Postmaster at Athana, Ga.; J. E. Elbert of Indian, Consul at Hahia, Brazi (declined); the Postmistress at Tar Heel, Bladden county, N. C.; George H. Jackson of Connecticut, Consul at Cognae, France; W. F. Anderson, chaplain in the army; Henry Demas, Naval Officer at New Orleans; Isaac It. Loftin, Postmister at Horansville, Ga.; Janes Hill, Register of Land Office, Jackson, Miss.; The mas Keyes, Postmaster at Ocean Springs; H. V. Cashin, Receiver of Public Money, Huntsville, Ala.; Joseph E. Lee, Collector of Chestons, Jacksonville, Fla.; John P. Green of Ohlo, superintendent of stamp divisi

gonery, Ala.; S. J. Bampfield, Postmaster at Beaufort, S. C.; J. T. Jackson, Postmaster at Darien, Ga.; Mifflin W. Gibbs of Arkansas, Consul at Madagascar.

There are several other appointments of Postmasters and the like which I cannot recall. Besides these Presidential appointments there has been a very large number in the classified and unclassified civil service all over the country, so that if the whole list of Afro-Americans employed in the Government service could be gathered it would make such a showing as could be made in no other country on the globe; and that, too, though Great Britain has upward of 50,000,000 Africans under her sceptre and slavery was abolished in the British Empire sixty-three years ago, while the United States have but 10,000,000 and slavery was abolished only in the sixties.

There is but one Afro-American in Congress, George H. White of North Carolina, but since the war there have been some fifteen in the House of Representatives and two in the Senate, one of the two Senators taking the seat once occupied by Jefferson Davis for Mississippi. Scattered through most of the States of the North, the West, and the South there are representatives of the Afro-American in the Lexislatures and in county and municipal boards. There has not been any general falling off in the interest and enthusiasm with which the Afro-Americans entered upon the exercise of the rights of citizenship, but there has been a considerable falling off in the activity in those States of the South where the election machinery has been made so complicated as to confuse and to defraud Afro-American voters. Where they have the opportunity they tak as much pride in discharging the duties of citizenship as any other element of the electorate.

Those who took a gloomy view of the Afro-American county is not been any other element of the electorate.

Those who took a gloomy view of the Afro-American's position under President McKinley and expressed doubts as to President McKinley as purpose with regard to this element of the party strength are glad to admit that they erred in their views and to give the President and Chairman Hanna credit for a fairness and broadness in dealing with them scand to ent of the electorate.

strength are glad to edmit that they erred in their views and to give the President and Chairman Hanna credit for a fairness and broadness in dealing with them equal to that of any of their prodecessors as heads of the Republican party. Their course will tell to the substantial advantage of the Republican party in the State and Congress elections next year, when the party will need the vote of every one of its members to hold the States in I ne for the great battle of 1900 and to insure a working majority in Congress during the remainder of President McKinley's tenure of office. It will certainly blunt the keep edge of the discontent among these Republicans which made itself felt in the recent elections in New York, Maryland and Ohio, caused in the main by local disappointments which should have no place in Congress and Presidential elections.

The action of the Georgia Legislature in condemning the President for appointing Mr. Lorian Postmaster at Hogansville and refusing to consure the people of that place for attempting to murder the Postmaster was a sanction of mob violence by the law-making power of a State such as hes been given seldom in the United States. The charge that the President from making such appointments even though there was not a white Republican in the place worthy and canable to discharge the duties of the office. The fact that Loftin was good material out of which to make a Postmaster is shown by his refusal, after being shot, to leave Hogansville or to resign. Surely the people of the country must admire courage of that sort, and white Republicans should be proud of such a comrade.

There is to be no lifty white policy under the Administration of President McKinley. The Republican party is to remain in the broadest the Bryanized Democracy in 1900 with greater harmony among all sections of the party than in 1897.

DIFORCED DURING LUNCHEON.

DIVORCED DURING LUNCHEON. By the Time the Report Was Finished th

Judge Was Ready to Issue the Decree. From the Kansas City Journal. J. M. Rhodes, a printer, got a lunch counter di vorce yesterday. It was during the noon hour. Judge Slover's docket was full and time was precious, Mr. Rhodes was anxious to go to work, but he would have been willing to miss several days' work to get rid of his wife. After being assured that a divorce obtained during lunch was perfectly valid, Mr. Rhodes willingly

lunch was perfectly valid, Mr. Rhodes willingly assented to Judge Slover hearing the case while he ate his lunch.

The lunch basket was brought out, and as soon as the tempting delicacies which a good Independence cook had prepared had been spread out so the Court could "get at em" the trial began. Rhodes took the stand and told his story.

"She knew I had in go to work at 7 o'clock," he said, after getting started, "but she wouldn't cook my breakfast. She wouldn't cook my meats, and I had to get my own breakfast."

Judge Slover picked the wing of a fowr with the air of a Court that was thinking:

"Poor man. Had to get his own meals."

"Then, one night, I brought a friend home with ine to sleep. My wife made me sleep on the floor iots of times, but I took my friend to a spare room and we went to bed. In comes my wife and begins to cuss right before my friend. It made me feel awful mean, but I didn't say a word."

Judge Slover glanced fondly over a ginger bread in his appetizing lunch, and looked duly sympathetic for a man who had to put up with all those things.

Jurge Slover glanced fondly over a ginger-bread in his appetizing lunch, and looked duly sympathetic for a man who had to put up with all those things.

By the time all the troubles of the Rhodes family had been told the luncheon was furshed, and as the last scraps of cake and pickle and a rosy-cheeked apple disappeard Mr. Rhodes had been divorced.

There has been running in the city for a few weeks an electric brougham. The driver's seat is at the front ins ead of the back of the vehicle, as is the case with the electric hansoms. More are to come. The brougham is used for shopping and for the general purposes of a carriage.

So Think the Tillmanites, and They Will Make a Raid on the Colleges.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 13.-Higher educa tion in the Palmetto State is scheduled to recelve a severe blow in January, when the General Assembly will conve e in annual ses-sion. Since the advent of Tilimanism the rawhide wool hat legislators, who never went through college, have been prone to believe that much money for education is a useless waste, and they do not think that the taxpayers can bear it. The better class of people will fight the move against higher education and do everything possible to prevent the usual appropriations from being cut down, but the chances are that the fight will result disastrously to the friends of civilization. From a distance the backers of the denominational colleges are pushing on the wool hats secretly. It is to their dvantage to see the State colleges get little support, and strong influences are to be brought

o bear to kill appropriations. The main fight will be made against the South Carolina Military Academy at Charleston. It has been Senator Tillman's pet joy to injure the academy. When he first went into office he same to Charleston one day to make an inspection. In those days Tillman was not long from the farm, and he had not put on the comparative polish that he has to-day. The cadets were frawn up in line before the new Governor, and the new Governor looked at them contemption ously. He glanced at his own cuffless shirts and then at the handsome appearance made by the cadets.

"Boys," he said, when he returned to Colum bia. "we will have to close up that Citadel. It's nothing but a dude factory, and it does the

country boys harm to be educated there." Without an appropriation the institution can not continue. Army officers who have been sent here have said in their reports that as a military school the Citadel ranks next to West Point, but all these things count for naught with the wool hats, who never looked at a col lege except through a telescope. The State es tablished recently the Clemson Agricultural College that has proved a success. The farmers say one college is enough for one State. The Christian colleges think so, too, because they foresee more money for themselves. In the midst of all this wire pulling some of the institutions will have to suffer, and the poor boys of South Carolina will be compelled to start life or a time with a little common school educa tion. When Tillmanism is wiped out, however things will be different, and the Legislature will then be in a position to stand by the colleges.

TO THE KLONDIKE AT 70.

An Aged Kanans Ploncer Not Frightened by Tales of Hardship.

TOPEKA Kan Nov 13 -Farly next spring Kansas will send to the Klondike gold regions a man who probably has encountered more West ern blizzards than any pioneer west of the Mississippi itiver. J. M. Hagaman, who is now or ganizing the Kansas Klondike colony, is 70 years old. He is the editor of a newspaper at Concordia and will take with him a small printing office and print issues of the Kansas Klondiker on his way. His party will take the

Klondiker on his way. His party will take the short cut across the country in wagons. Speaking of his trip to-day Hagaman said:

"I know what it is to travel and camp out, having driven ox teams more than 5,000 miles over the wilds of Kansas and Nebraska before civilization got a foothoid, and have slept out in all kinds of weather, many a time having to scrape the snow away to find ground to make my bed on. I have driven over snow drifts twenty feet deep in Kansas and Nebraska, and have forded streams in the winter when cakes of ice as large as houses were floating down, and when the clothes would freeze the moment one left the water. I hav faced for miles on a drive as violent bilizzards as ever blew in middle Nebraska, the mercury being below zero, and have never hurt a toe or finger. I am not alarmed about the cold weather up in the Klondike region. But some will say: You were young then and could stand more hardshins. Applied to some people, that argument would be sound, but it has no force with me. I have not burned myself out with the use of intoxicants nor wasted my physical energies with dissolute habits. Reasonable exposure in youth helps old age.

Hagaman will select recruits for the Kansas

helps old age."
Hagaman will select recruits for the Kansas Kloudike colony with a view to their sobriety and former temperate babits. He wants no one in the party who ever has been or is now addicted to the use of whiskey, for, he says, whiskey drinkers could not stand the hariships in store for them.

BIG SALES OF CATTLE. Western Union Reef Company Selling Out Its

Holdings-Revival of the Industry. DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 13.-George B. Loving has just closed he largest cattle deal made in Texas for fourteen years, being the sale of 30,000 head of cattle of the Western Union Beef Company, in Pecos county, to J. T. McElroy of Reeves county, Tex. The sale includes the ranch, consisting of 300,000 acre, with the springs and wells thereon, and involves \$600,000. The Western Union Beef Company is a New York organization, with a paid-up capital of \$12,500,ranch property in Texas, New Mexico. Cole

ranch property in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona, as it contemplates retiring from business. The price for the cattle was \$16 a head, spring delivery.

The John Kennedy Ranch Company, near Corpus Christi, has sold to Davidson & Fleming 12,000 head of cattle at \$17 a head, spring and fall delivery. This is regarded by cattlemen as one of the most remarkable sales of this remarkable year in the Texas cattle industry. John T. Little sold W. H. Jennings 800 four-year-old steers at \$20,50 per head.

SEEKING DEMOCRATIC HARMONY. Judge Morse Travelling Around Michigan on Mission of Peace.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Nov. 13 .- Judge Allen B. Morse, ex-United States Consul to Glasgow under President Cleveland, is travelling around western Michigan as an apostle of peace to the divided Democrats. Although a gold man, he is laboring to heal the breach in the divided Democratic factions. In an interview to-day he said: "I honestly believe that every Democrat who voted for McKinley or Palmer last fall is now sorry, for the sake of the old party, that he did sorry, for the sake of the old party, that he did not cast his vote for Billy Bryan, and that he wilrwelcome a chance to get back into the fold. I am very far from being a silver man, but I should vote for Bryan now on account of the party organization. There is every prospect that all the faction lines will be wiped out very soon, and I have talked with many prominent leaders of the gold and silver branches of the Democratic party, and all agree that they will stand together from this out. Everybody is tired of the soil;

Judge Morse's views on this matter are not indorsed by some of the gold Democratic leaders, who say that fusion is impossible unless the silver men come to them.

MENNONITES COMBINE AND WIN Russian Immigrants in Kausas Take All the County Offices to Sight.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 13 .- The result of the election in Ellis county is the talk of the State. More than one-half of the voting population of that county is composed of Russian Mennonites In July last these people met in convention and nominated a full county ticket. They had discovered in previous elections that they had the power to control the county, and they decided to take the rains of government into their own

ands.
The Republicans and Populists joined forces, forgeiting past fights, nominated a fusion ticket, and started in to defeat the Memonites. The campaign waxed warm and a thorough canvass was made, but the Russians had the numbers, and when the voices were counted on election night it was found that the so-called foreign ticket had won the day by an average of 100 majority.

\$2,500 Job and No Tears to Shed. From the Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.

From the Augusta, Ga., Chromiste.

John P. Green, an Ohio politician of some note, not long ago was appointed to a fairly good place in one of the departments at Washington. At home Green is a criminal lawyer, and is known by his success in influencing the feelings of the jury. He weeps natural tears at the right time, rends his hair and does other things which successful lawyers do. His department position mays \$2,500 a year. Green told his Ohio friends that he carned as much at home from his practice. They thought he ought, said Green, "and I home to get something better, "Of course. I ought, said Green," and I home to get something better, but let me tell you this, the \$2,500 I get now comes a good deal easier than the \$2,500 I get now comes a good deal easier than the \$2,500 I get now comes as possibless. It will wear say man out. If I had to keep at it much longer it would surely break down my constitution. You don't know what it means to me to get that \$2,500 with fears as a practising member of the bar and \$2,500 with out tears in the employ of the Government, I choose the latter every time."

SOUTH CAROLINA OFEREDUCATED HAWAIIAN AND NEGIO.

THEIR RELATIVE CONDITIONS UN-

DER THE STARS AND STRIPES. Monotulu Editor Discusses Them for the Benefit of the bandwich Islanders, and a

Man of Negro Preferences Discusses His Discussion from the Negro's Point of View. A correspondent at Honolulu has sent the writer a copy of the Pacific Commercial Advertieer of Oct. 16, in which the leading editorial article deals with "the native and the negro." The editor of the newspaper is W. N. Armstrong. brother of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, who tounded the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Insutuse, and devoted the best days of his life to the work of educating Afro-Americans. The editor of the Polynesian newspaper has a me views on the Afro-American question which show that he has a great deal to learn about it, especially if he wants to convince the natives of Hawaii that the best thing for them and for their country to to get under the protection of the Stars and Stripes as soon as possible. Mr. Armstrong sayst

"Some extended inquiry among the natives discloses their general and sincere suspicion that, in the event of annexation, they will be treated in social, if n t in political, matters like the American negroes. The native and the negro are now and will continue to be placed on very different footings in America. But it is difficult to prove this to the native, because the proof lies rather in opinion than in demonstration. Recently Lilluokalani crossed and rerossed the continent in the Pullman cars with all of the privileges of the white traveller. We believe that the negro would not be permitted the same privilege of travel. She was enter tained in hotels which refuse the negro any accommodation. It is natural that the natives of Hawaii

should want to know what their status will be in the event of the annexation, but Mr. Armstrong does not possess the necessary knowledge to inform their ignorance when he leaves the broad, general, and safe ground that their status ought to be, and would be under the Constitution, the same as that of the white Hawaiians, The fact is that Afro-Americans are allowed to ride in the Pull an cars in every State in the Uni n, their right to do so having been affirmed in two instances by the Federal courts, and that in the States traversed by Liliuokalani between the Atlantic and the Pacific, whe there she went by New Orleans or Denver, any ordinary Afro-American traveller would have enjoyed the same car s rvice, if he had had money to pay for it. If he had been of the same factitious importance as the ex-Queen he could have been accommodated at every hotel, outside of the Southern States, at which she was accommodated. It was the title of ex-Queen of Hawaii and her command of cash that made the way smooth for her. Her clor cut no figure. The olack ex-King of Dahomey could have gone over the same route in the same style and received just as much attention. A title or a shadow of a title and a big bank account will pay the deuce with prejudice in most of the States. The contention has much on its side that condition, not color, is the corner-stone of American prejudice. A poor, ignorant, and unclean Hawaiian or Chinauman, while a rich, cultured, and clean one will find that he can stop at the astoria and ride in palace cars and spend all the cash he wants to, and that there will be no limit to the fun he can have as long as his money holds out. The plain truth is, however, that the colormon Chinese rabbie, and for the simple reason that they are not. They will have to take their chances along with the other colored races of the population and grow up with the country, which is still very young, with no fixed projudices against any race that time will not make right.

Mr. Armstrong says: "The prejudice against the negro lies not so much in color as in other matters, such as ignorance, lack of thrift, general reputation for uncleanliness, and, coarreness of feature. The same distinction exists between white and white. The Irish beg trotter had hardly a better tooting than the negro thirty years ago. These prejudices are not radical, but The fact is that Afro-Americans are allowed to ride in the Pull an cars in every State in the Uni n, their right to do so having been affirmed

The Afro-American has been shedding that ever since he came to the United States, as a result of climatic influences and amalgamation, so that his features are gradually losing their African coarseness and conforming to the national type still in process of evolution.

Prejudice against the negroes does not lie in any of these things, but in the fact that they were slaves and that as a mass they are poor. The native Hawaiian need not worry about his color as a citizen of the United States if he has education and plenty of money; but if he is ignorant and poor he will have a hard road to travel, and he will find very few good Samaritans by the way, black or white, to succor him, Mr. Armstrong bas a far-away idea that this is the state of the case when he says: "But it is character and not color which draws the line." The concluding paragraph of Mr. Armstrong's article is as follows:

"The causes which created the prejudice against the negro do not exist in the case of the native Hawaiian. If the native comprehends or realizes the important fact that it is not really founded on color of any kind he will dismiss his fears. But we see that the native confuses the social and political status. In many ways his social condition and that of the white man on these islands has been distinct. But the rights of both under the laws have been carefully protected, and there has been no friction. The native should realize it that the relations which he bears to the resident American population here are the relations which he will bear to the people of the United States in the event of annexation. But it is foolish to criticise harshly the native susplicions regarding his future treatment so long as the fact stand as they do regarding the attitude of the American people toward the negro. But some service may be done in convincing the native that he is not and will not be classed with the negro."

HE RESPECTS OUR DIPLOMACY. A German Says We May Not He Formal, but We Get Things in Hayti.

A Berlin weekly publishes a letter from a German in Port an Prince regarding German and American methods of diplomacy at the Haytian capital. In view of the Lueders case and the good words which this German has for American agents abroad, the letter is of considerable interest. The writer says:

"It is truly deplorable to see a German "It is truly deplorable to see a German abroad forsaken by his Government. Of course, we have a Minister resident here, but that is, in fact, one of the most melancholy features of the situation, for, despite his presence, many terman subjects seek the protection of the United States Consul. If they appeal to him, they feel sure of a quick and businesslike disposition of the affair in hand. As long as you regard Hayti as a full-fledged and civilized nation, and approach its Government in patent leather, kid gloves, and white cravat, you will be treated without respect, as Ge many !"

"The i nitted States get here everything they wish. Why! Because they go into diplomacy with their clows out and work straight to the point. Besides, it is known that within two or three days American menofewar could be brought into this port. On the other hand, the Gorman diplomatic agerts run their legs off, write countless communications in irreproachable style, and accomplish nothing, absolutely nothing, because their instructions from Berjin necessaltate always red tape, diplomatic correctness and flabby procedure."

This letter is signed: "A long-suffering German subject in Hayti." abroad forsaken by his Government. Of course,

Investment, 84.40: Heturn, 8275; Time, 19 Months

From the Anthony, Kan., Republican.

Mr. H. S. Lombard, living six miles southeast of town, hought eleven bushels of seed wheat last year, making the seed cost him \$4.40. He put it on a twelve-acre patch, seeding less than a bushel to the scre, while the average farmer puts in a bushel and a peck. His wheat yielded 307 hushels, a little more than thirty-three bushels per acre; it was of good quality and sold for 75 cents per bushel, the top of the wheat market when it sold. An investment of \$4.40 in seed returning \$275 is rather more than the average Harper county twelve-acre patch will do, but there's lots of farms "just as good," and, best of all, can be had at the eletime drouth-busted-boom rate.